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# TRIBUTE TO THE VALIANT

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WILLIAM V. KELLEY



★ PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY. FEB 25 1919

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# A SALUTE TO THE VALIANT

By WILLIAM VALENTINE KELLEY

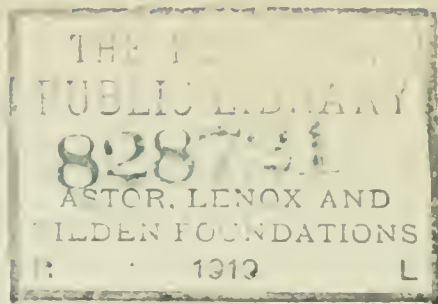
## FOREWORD

By  
BISHOP HOMER C. STUNTZ



THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN  
NEW YORK CINCINNATI

M. Sm



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WILLIAM VALENTINE KELLEY  
1918

## IN TRIBUTE

To those who exalt human nature and dignify life by that passive courage, named fortitude, which Locke calls the guard and support of all other virtues—courage in comparison with which mere daring is but casual and inconstant, desultory and flighty; those who for our ennobling show us that steady patience in suffering which Milton extols as the truest fortitude, and who in desperate conditions come off more than conqueror:

In tribute, further, to those who have a heart to feel for others' woes and who minister thereto:

In tribute, finally, to all who, with world-visioning missionary minds, looking on perishing multitudes at home and abroad, share the spirit of Saint Paul in Frederick Myer's poem:

“Then with a thrill the intolerable craving  
Shivers through me like a trumpet call.  
Oh, to save these, to perish for their saving,  
Die for their life, be offered for them all.”

Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long—  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

—*Longfellow.*

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O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,  
And like a cheerful traveller take the road  
Singing beside the hedge.  
What if the bread be bitter in thine inn,  
And thou unshod to meet the flints?

At least it may be said,  
“Because the way is short, I thank thee, God.”

—*Mrs. Browning.*

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Knowledge by suffering entereth,  
And life is perfected by death.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

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THIS book, in its present form, is the result of stout protest! This protest was spontaneous and from wide areas. It came from different continents and from many sorts of readers. These readers protested against the immurement of this literary jewel in the editorial pages of the *Methodist Review*, where its rays first flashed their light before our gaze. Now the aforesaid *Review* is an honorable publication, instituted of God in the time of Methodism's infancy, and commended of many saints as rich with thought and freighted with literary and theological merchandise of great price. But only relatively few have the enlightenment to lay its pages under tribute, and once the current numbers had passed into the files, and,

“ . . . above it, sere and swift,  
Packed the daily deepening drift  
Of the all-recording, all-effacing files—  
The Obliterating, automatic files,”



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we who protested knew that this Salute to the Valiant would have been offered in vain so far as the general reading public are concerned.

Saluting is an art. It involves much. Its mastery demands definition of relationships and practice in technique. Doubters should visit army training camps and study the evolution of the Salute. From refusal to consent, and from consent to alertness in recognizing those to whom the tribute is due, and on through the stages of its development to the quick, snappy, finished Salute of the Lance Corporal whose heart is set on a Sergeant's stripes or the bar of a First Lieutenant, the Salute is seen as indeed an art "not to be mastered in haste."

Fundamental to the mastery of this high art is the understanding of mutual relationship. It must be firmly implanted in the mind of the recruit that *a salute is given by an inferior to a superior*. The giving of this tribute is the public recognition of the low estate of the giver and the high estate of the one to whom it is given. And just here is

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the key to this essay on the theme treated so brilliantly, so sympathetically by Dr. Kelley. He hastens to concede that the really heroic in life are not always those in whose praise the huzzas of the multitude are heard, or on whose uniforms the medals for "gallantry in action" are hung, amid the crash of bands, and before the admiring eyes of thousands. Proof follows close upon admission, and passionate pressing of the point is the climax of this most remarkable Salute to the obscure saints who conquer though they die. Their superiority in all that really matters calls for the Salute. It calls imperiously. To deny the Salute is a breach of life's highest discipline. The inferior must recognize the superior.

Does any one question whether the finest heroisms of life are to be found in sick rooms, and in lowly places and among unnoted folk? The cool courage of the man under the grueling test of artillery fire, or while charging through the leaden death from machine gunnery, may well be the theme of poetry and oratory; but there is a real discount to be

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allowed from the face of it when brought into comparison with the lasting and sunny fortitude, undismayed and unbowed by all the battering of physical anguish through years of hopeless misery, which this book undertakes to salute. The hardest test is not when the soldier, in the thick of the rush, makes a wild dash at the enemy. The severest test comes when no spectators and no companions are about, and no excitement begotten by the battle's roar heats the blood and fires the imagination. The test is "to stand and be still." The Salute of this book is to those whose lot is "to stand and be still!" From Job to Ida Gracey discerning souls have recognized the superiority of those who were being made perfect through suffering, and have given them that tribute which Dr. Kelley calls a Salute to the Valiant. Fortunate is the one who desires to offer this Salute aright if he shall be permitted to study the technique of the matter here. Felicitous and commanding phrasing lure and compel reading straight on to the end. Allusion and quotation, apt, illuminating, and wide-rang-



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ing, leave amateur writers in wonder and despair. Does the secret of such mastery of literary material lie in copious notebooks on the reading of a lifetime, all indexed and cross-indexed that their spoil may be rifled on occasion? Or is it possible to train one's memory to carry loads like that and deliver them on call? Answer how ye may, here lie riches, and the author will be none the poorer if we all help ourselves to the lessons and really secure a truer and a finer test of valor than we possessed before the volume passed into our hands.

HOMER CLYDE STUNTZ.



## A SALUTE TO THE VALIANT

To Evelyn in heaven the poet says, with  
lifted eyes, rememberingly:

“Your soul was pure and true.  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire and dew.”

To us the poet says:

“Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!  
Sit by her side and watch an hour.  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;  
She left that piece of geranium flower,  
Beginning to die too, in the glass;  
Little has yet been changed, I think;  
The shutters are shut, no light may pass  
Save two long rays through the hinge’s chink.”

“Not an enticing invitation,” thinks the  
average human being; “what can it profit me  
to sit by a dead girl’s side and watch an  
hour? I pray thee have me excused.”

Edward IV of England created the office  
of Poet Laureate, the prescribed duty of

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which was to compose odes for his Majesty's birthday and for other royal occasions. Long familiarity with the pathetic side of the human lot impels us to act for once as prose laureate to a truly royal family, the family of those who endure severe bodily afflictions with more than royal fortitude. We volunteer for once as annalist of invalids, not of the self-indulgent, languishing sort, nor the fretful, querulous, exacting kind, but of chronic sufferers patiently enduring painful and incurable illness, whose story calls upon us to exploit not the misery but the magnificence of suffering, sufferers who stand in noble contrast with certain sour and moping malcontents who have really little to complain of and much to be thankful for. We know a household in which the most afflicted member, totally blind and totally deaf and with a full share of other ailments, furnishes the final courage and cheer for the family. When the others are blue she blithely and grittily remarks, "Well, if *I* can keep my spirits up, I think the rest of you might try." Happily Providence

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provides us with a favorable opportunity to personalize in one concrete case a large and meritorious class, known chiefly to physicians, surgeons, nurses, good pastors, and private family circles, a class which develops hardy virtues to a high degree, hid away in seclusion, unnoticed by the bustling, boisterous, healthy world—the class of patient endurers of prolonged physical suffering. Our tribute, while immediately inspired by one particular character, also intends honor to the entire class few of whom are ever set in the limelight. By including the whole great class we secure spaciousness of theme and wide warrant for our tribute, using, as type and text for a meditation larger than herself, one who was vividly and modestly aware of her class and its bravery, counting herself only a very humble private soldier of the Invalid Corps.

At this moment our feelings are like those of the biographer of Adolphe Monod when he said, “It is difficult to tell the plain truth about Monod’s almost perfect character without seeming to exaggerate. There



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was in him a combination of natural gaiety with Christian seriousness, each balancing the other, which made a singularly gracious, appealing, and winning personality." Sidney Lanier wrote of a certain "May morning which no words could describe unless words were themselves May mornings." We will endeavor to write soberly without cant or maudlin sentimentality, and to tell no lies. If, when the facts are set in order, they stand, like Fra Angelico's tall trumpeting angels, blowing a eulogy, neither blame nor credit will belong to us.

"Why, that child limps!" exclaimed a fond father, watching his little two-year-old toddle across the floor in the Clifton Springs parsonage one day in the middle-seventies. That was what scarlet fever had done to the baby; and this darling of the Gracey home must go limping on into childhood, youth, and womanhood, because no orthopedic therapy then known could save her. Edmund Clarence Stedman, after his wife's death left him "old and lonely and afraid," recalled how, when he took her as a girl-

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bride, he vowed that the feet of his Laura should never tread rough ground. That bridegroom vow he kept for fifty years. For himself life's road was sometimes rough, yet his stout strength held his Laura's feet above the sharp flints and the bruising stones. But neither strong man nor guardian angel could lift the feet of little Ida Gracey clear of hurt or make smooth the way for them. A Chinese proverb says, "A lame duck should avoid the plowed field," but the whole world is a plowed field for the cripple. Even a level road is uneven to the lame. Every step is a jolt, with no shock-absorber save fortitude. This baby was sentenced to drag the ball-and-chain of lameness all her life. Even doing her spirited best to offset her handicap and keep up with the sound-limbed portion of mankind, it was yet her lot through all her years to see their free swift strength go past her, while she took, in that respect, the dust of disadvantage on life's road. Yet beware of pitying this maimed little maid too much, for she had her full share of victory. She won all hearts. On the open road

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of the world she was so brave and sweet a figure that strong travelers stopped to regard her winsomeness, some of whom, like pilgrims pausing at a shrine, hung up tokens of reverent admiration around her. It is only fair to recognize how much loveliness has gone limping through the world; and those who knew her believe that Charles Lamb's description, "lame and lovely," never had fairer embodiment than in Frances Ida Gracey, who, despite her painful infirmity, triumphantly accomplished an active, useful, and beneficent life.

Fortunately, that tiny craft navigating unsteadily across the parsonage floor at Clifton Springs, with a sad list to larboard, was not altogether unprovisioned for life's voyage; some good stuff in the lockers below decks. The Gracey blood was somewhat ferruginous, enough iron in it to make an inward brace for the crippled girl's spirit, whatever the orthopedists might do or fail to do outside for the lame limb. She was a missionary's child, and glancing back along the family line we get a glint of the racial



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ore in an incident at the Philadelphia Conference in 1861, when a public farewell was given to young John Talbot Gracey, about departing as missionary to India, which, in those days, required intrepid faith and courage. The young minister told his brethren, in Conference assembled, how when Bishop Simpson had brought him the call of the church to this far distant and perilous service, he entered upon forty-eight hours of secret struggle to ascertain, if he might, the will of God concerning him; how he emerged from that divine interview with the conviction that he must regard the call of the church as the call of God, even if it ordered him to the ends of the earth; and how he then went to his aged parents to inquire their wishes. His father said, "My boy, go and do your duty, even though you die in it"; his mother said, "O my boy, I would rather die without a crust than that you should disobey the call of duty." So John T. Gracey and his wife, Annie Ryder—she no less selfless and sacrificial than he—embarked for a tedious five-months voyage in a sailing

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vessel, the ice-ship *Elouisa*, from Boston to Calcutta, to reach India and labor there seven years, amid exposures and hardships and perils unknown there in these decades, until broken health forced the family home, to give, however, through all after years their supreme enthusiasm and energies for the promotion of the cause of missions. Thus the blood of at least two chivalrous generations was in the veins of the baby-girl toddling lop-sidedly across the parsonage floor. Both heredity and example helped to give her some fine qualities. She was of high birth and breeding, born of the princeliest sort of people living the lordliest sort of lives, making the world a present of themselves, seeking not personal ease, honor, or gain, but only to "coin their blood in drachmas" for the enrichment of mankind. From her father especially she inherited force of will and the gift of laughter; from her mother especially her deep religiousness and strong faith. "The good stars met in her horoscope, made her of spirit, fire and dew."

Through childhood and youth this lame

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girl did her best to live a normal life and keep up with her companions at school and elsewhere, spending glad summers in the family cottage at the Thousand Islands when all the woods were green and all the waters agleam; she as spirited and lively as the rest, flying about on her crutches, climbing over rocks, chasing a runaway donkey, boating, fishing, and catching more friends than fish, playing coon-songs and hymns on her banjo, and winning everybody: a familiar figure often seen sitting in the sun with bright face and wind-blown hair on the upper deck at the prow of the "Islander," winding through the narrow channels among the beautiful islands of the Saint Lawrence. At times there were visits to New York for surgical treatment at the hands of eminent specialists, all unavailing to an incurable, just as in later and harder years, when her eyes were very bad and the famous oculist came from Ithaca to her darkened room at Clifton, examined and tested for an hour, and then sat on the edge of her cot, saying pitifully, "Well, girlie," because he knew

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that in this as in her other ailments nothing could be done to better her condition. The instinctive cravings and hopes natural to a girl were frustrated from fruition. Once a deeply reciprocated love offered itself, but she had to repel it because, as she explained to a confidential friend, "When you're sick, you have to shut your heart"; adding, "It leaves an awful heartache." Her course through life was, for the most part, painful, like that of a fatally wounded fawn, and recalls George Meredith's poignant and pathetic phrase expressive of his pity for his afflicted wife—"the running of my poor doe with the inextricable arrow in her flank."

### I

Her last four or five years were spent in bed and in a darkened room, wasting away in sufferings which grew more intense and incessant. To the average human being an invitation to visit such a room may not seem alluring. Yet this invalid's chamber was a popular resort. Here was an invalid whom everybody enjoyed. When the progress of



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disease prostrated her and confined her to her room and bed, she said, "I will not be cut off from my customary life and buried before my time. This room shall be my parlor where my friends may come as usual." And there, until the end came, she received both friends and strangers, often turning strangers into friends. Visitors of many kinds, lands, and languages sought the privilege of entrance there. On a summer afternoon when two friends sat beside her, one said to the other, half in play, wholly in earnest: "An admission fee ought to be charged here, and the money given to Foreign Missions. There are people who would pay more for a seat at this bedside than for a box at grand opera."

## II

Not only was that room much frequented, but also its bed-ridden occupant was a far traveler. *She* "shut in"? There are no bars for such a spirit. The *missionary mind* has the world-outlook, is aware of the wide world, and its sympathies range with its in-

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telligence. That intrepid lone missionary woman, Dr. Martha E. Sheldon, hid away in a corner of Bhot far up in the Himalaya Mountains on the borders of Tibet, was out of the world if anybody was, yet was *en rapport* with the human race, and wrote vividly: "I can feel the rocking of the North Pole when Peary touches it, and can feel the biting wind that blows in Shackelton's face as he toils on toward the South Pole." Likewise this missionary-hearted girl, almost hermetically sealed in her room at Clifton Springs, could hear the cries of little cripples on the opposite side of the earth and felt her own ribs crack when they were beaten. In the night their moans shook her secluded cot and sobbed themselves to sleep upon the shoulder of her sympathy. When the Zuni Indians were in Boston a large reception was given them by a philanthropist at his home. One stalwart Indian, feeling almost suffocated by the close indoor air, abruptly left the crowded parlor in the middle of the evening and strode out into the street, saying: "Indian want room. In-

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dian walk large.” The *missionary mind* “walks large,” ranges, explores, investigates, discovers; knows what is going on in the world and feels fraternal toward all mankind, toward “Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever doing something new, things which they have done but earnest of the things which they shall do.” The alert missionary mind of this imprisoned sick girl saw and heard more through her keyhole than some globe-trotters can bring back report of from a trip around the world.

### III

Visitors to that room found there not a mere spectacle, but an experience. They met with some surprises. For one surprise, they found not a suppliant for sympathy, but a sympathizer. With lips all primed to pour out solicitous words you go in to inquire of her what kind of a night she had and how she feels to-day; but before you have time to begin she “gets the drop” on you and pops the question first with her quick, chipper, “How are *you* to-day?” And before you know

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absolutely authentic, new and inexpressible, something which only nature could mix for the heart's intoxication." But men and women young and old have come away equally "shaken and elate" from a sickroom, proving that a wan and wasted sufferer, prone and powerless on her pillows, may also mix a draft "for the heart's intoxication" as potent as the red nectar of blooming health. "Give me health and a day," shouts Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." "Give me sickness and a night," this gallant girl could have said, "and I will splendor the darkness with a radiance outshining Arcturus and his sons, Orion and his sword."

And we are by no means intending to present her as superior to all her class, of which she is taken as a fine type. Richard Burton found a similar sufferer in Los Angeles and wrote the following verses:

"I know a girl of presence fresh and fair.

She lies a-bed year-long, and so has lain  
For half a lifetime; flower-sweet the air;

The room is darkened to relieve her pain.



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IDA GRACEY IN LATER YEARS

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“There is no hope held out of healing her,  
You could not blame her if she turned her face  
Sullen unto the wall, and did demur  
From further breathing in her prison place.

“Not so; her sick bed is a throne, wherefrom  
She doth most royally her favors grant;  
Thither the needy and the wretched come,  
She is At Home to every visitant.

“They call her *Little Sister*: for her heart  
Goes out to each that takes her by the hand,  
In sisterly devotion; 'tis her part  
To feel, to succor, and to understand.

“One never thinks of woe beside her bed,  
So blithe she bends beneath the rigorous rod;  
She does not seem like one uncomforted,  
Her prayers like songs go bubbling up to God.

“Hers is the inner secret of the soul;  
Radiant renouncement, love and fellow cheer—  
These things do crown her as an aureole,  
Making her saintly, while they make her dear.”

When that tribute appeared in Scribner's Monthly in December, 1911, Ida Gracey's friends who saw it were startled at the close resemblance. All who knew her will agree

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that the verses fit her perfectly. Doubtless both these wonderful girls are exceptional, even in their heroic class, in blending the Spartan with the Christian virtues in a high degree, but they typify a large and noble class.

The man who wrote his friend, tortured by gout, "The pain in your foot I can bear very well"; and Madame de Pompadour, in whom Francis Parkman saw a similar "fortitude in enduring the sufferings of others"; and the lady of whom it was said, "Herself first, her pet dog a bad second, and the rest of the world nowhere": these represent the all-too-prevalent human habit. But Ida Gracey was of those who say with Madame du Chatelet, "I have a pain in my sister's side." She did not spend sympathy on herself, but on others. No one ever heard her use words like those of Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh, "My own self pity, like a red-breast bird, goes back to cover all my past with leaves." She did not imagine herself exceptionally afflicted. Rather, she bore her lot of pain in the spirit of Longfellow's lines:

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“My lot is the common lot of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall;  
Some days must be dark and dreary.”

### IV

No one was surprised when Gladstone called his large comfortable library at Hawarden the “Temple of Peace.” But you are surprised at finding the chamber of suffering seem like a temple of peace. You tap on the copper-sheathed door, and a clear, sweet voice like the voice of a child answers, “Come.” Entering you see in the little bed a dainty girl, dark-haired, dark-eyed, immaculate in white robe dotted with tiny pink bows, her mother’s college-society badge pinned at her slim throat. Knowing that her body is often more pierced with pangs than Saint Sebastian’s with arrows, and seeing a hand reached out to welcome you, so fragile you fear to touch it lest you break the thinnest hand you ever saw, you wonder that her face can wear so serene a smile. Sitting down beside her you have the sense of something like a benediction falling from



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her face, and you might recall how Violet, in the story, when she was arranging the pictures on her walls, said, "Let us hang the Fra Angelico facing the door to give an impression of peace and beauty to all who enter"; but in this room there is no need of Fra Angelico's angels to give such an impression to the visitor, the ineffably sweet face upon the pillow being enough for that.

### V

"The Little Sanctuary," one called her room. On a Sunday morning a man past sixty, somewhat worn by labor and sorrow, religiously preferring her to the chapel service, sat an hour by her bedside in the stillness of that shaded room where the talk wandered casually along in a peaceful sort of way, without effort to make it particularly pious, ending in a kind of friendly gossip about life and folks and our nearest neighbor, God; the interview finishing with a tiny prayer of thanksgiving and entreaty and trust. Then the man, tranquillized and spiritualized by that serene interview, rose and went, saying,

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“The dearest kind of a talk!” and mentally naming that room “The Little Sanctuary.” Many times it was so in perfectly simple and natural ways to many a visitor. To watch that sweet, white face on the pillow, while she recited George Müller’s verses on prayer, was a holier and more touching experience than one has in hearing a priest intone the litany in a cathedral. It was such a sanctuary, with such a presence in it, as made one man’s mind, as he came out of it one holy Sabbath afternoon, improvise as on an instrument this reverent sentiment: “White Ida, angel of the Lord on earth, minister to many souls, minister even to my soul, missionary to the ends of the earth.”

## VI

Her room at times resembled a miniature Literary Salon, with readings of prose and poetry, sometimes by authors from their own works. Two friends remember a Kipling afternoon when she listened with eager interest to Kipling’s “If,” which she could perfectly understand. Times without number

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she had held on when there was no strength left in her except the strength of will that gave the order to hold on. Likewise she was captivated by his "Song of the Banjo"—a song sung about itself by the banjo as Tommy Atkins's favorite instrument, portable and tunable in all climates, as it was also hers. There was a spark like valor in her eyes when the banjo was telling how it cheers the British soldier to the charge "when the order moves the line and the lean locked ranks go roaring down to die." In her most tortured years readings from Emily Dickinson's quaint and naïve poems and letters, the gift of a friend, gave her keen pleasure.

## VII

This invalid's room was a Center of Attraction. Things animate and inanimate were drawn there as if by a magnet. Flowers had a fancy for flying to her from near and far, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Rochester, Syracuse, New York, and elsewhere, sometimes more than there was room for. Every spring, tiny Cecil Bruner roses, which



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the fairies tended in a nearby friendly garden, sent their earliest blooms to be pinned at her slender throat. Big bunches of white lilacs going down Main Street destined elsewhere changed their minds when they came abreast of the sanitarium and decided to go up in the elevator to keep company with this "Little White Lilac," as Mrs. H. W. Peabody called her. In May the apple trees sent their most blossomy branches to decorate her dainty pink-and-whiteness with their own. White waterlilies, nodding and winking to the morning sun from the bosom of Sodus Bay and Lake Ontario, pulled up their long stems, swam ashore, and auto-mobiled to Clifton to lay their virginal sweetness beside hers; they the golden-hearted children of the sun in her sunless chamber. In October the most brilliant autumn leaves covered her white counterpane with gorgeous colors. At Halloween big yellow pumpkins sat at the foot of her bed and made Jack-o-Lantern faces at her in the dark. All kinds of diversions came to beguile the tedium of invalidism. On the bed where

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sometimes she writhed in torture silly Billikins grinned inanely, Teddy Bears sat on their haunches, dolls disported, tiny chicks a few hours old and new ducklings from her Peabody Duck-pond in West Park, funny little bunches of fuzz, cheep-cheeped and quack-quacked and tumbled about her pillows and shoulders and neck, kittens and puppies played and live babies crept over her couch and cuddled down in her arms. The little Italian boy who danced for the guests in the foyer went up to her room to dance and sing for her. Visitors of many kinds who knew about her knocked at her door: dainty little women from China and Japan, and swart Hindu girls with glittering eyes and blacker-than-inky hair; not a few of what a little girl called "bignitaries"—such as bishops and judges and senators and authors and millionaires. A Supreme Court judge on his way across the State to hold court stops off at Clifton to sit at her bedside to pay court to her. Travelers bound for the Far East and the other side of the globe break their journey to hold her thin hands

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and talk with her an hour. A venerable bishop waiting between official engagements rests a week at Clifton Springs partly because of the wonderful girl of whom he has heard. All exercises in the sanitarium chapel—sermons, lectures, hymns, concerts, morning prayers, song services—went up the acousticon wire to lay themselves on her pillow close to her keen ear.

### VIII

“Hilarity Hall” was the name given her room by one observer, who discovered that it was at times a place of merriment and glee. “Immortal hilarity, the Rose of Joy,” is Emerson’s phrase, though he was never hilarious. Sterne wrote to William Pitt, “I live in constant endeavor to fence against ill-health and other evils of life by mirth, being persuaded that every time a man smiles, and much more so when he laughs, something is thereby added to this Fragment of Life.” “She was the jolliest girl, and nobody else ever could be so patient and sweet,” said the window-cleaner and vacuum sweeper,

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who pushed Ida's bed about with her on it to sweep. There were frolics and pillow-fights with such endearing epithets as "Imp-o-darkness" and "You scamp" hurtling through the air, and little screams and mice-like squeals, when a certain much loved girl-friend, whom she called Black-and-White Warbler and who used to go birding at Rocky Run and over the beautiful Clifton Springs countryside, came to have a happy school-girl romp with her sick chum. It is impossible to imagine two such easy laughers as she and Bishop Warren being together in her room for an hour without mixing some happy laughter with their talk and prayers, his mellow and sonorous like the vox humana stop in a church organ; hers like the gurgle of a rill or the thrush's liquid note. "True laughter," says some one, "has at the bottom of it an element of faith and something also of love." The right kind of laugh at the right moment is a divine intervention and may save a mind from madness or a soul from sin. But laughter in the chamber of suffering? Yes, surely! Why not? J. M.



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Barrie says, "The highest form of laughter is that which is born of tragedy." Paul Laurence Dunbar wrote, "A moan is a fine foil for a laugh." The truth of that was often felt in her room when sweet laughter rippled from lips that were moaning an hour before. John Bunny, whose name fitly rhymes with funny and whose profession was to make thousands laugh and cry, said, "The good of tears is to increase our delight in laughter." A laugh is often the token of a triumph over tears. And Minnesota's Falls of Minnehaha, laughing down the rocks ten thousand years, make less music in the ears of the angels than one victorious laugh twittering on a brave sufferer's lips. Oftentimes the best thing you can do for one in distress is to make him laugh. A young girl thought herself to be dying and made her family think so. The doctor could not be found. Her pastor came, sat by her a few minutes and decided she wasn't and wouldn't. His task was to dispel the panic. First he offered a simple prayer, through which ran the expectation that the momentary ill-



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ness would soon pass safely by. Then he chatted gently and naturally for a while till the tension of that frightened young face relaxed; and presently said to the child, whose physical characteristic was extreme thinness: "I'll come and see you again in a day or two. You'll be all right soon. And if you take proper nourishment, you may be the fat woman in the dime museum some day"—a remark so unlike its author and so unsuited to her supposed condition as to bring a look of astonishment if not of indignation as it was intended to do; but in a moment a smile overspread that was like a silent laugh, and the panic was gone. He sat right still. Closing her eyes, she fell softly asleep. That was thirty years ago, and the family still say the minister saved her life that day. One day a friend going to Dr. Gracey's bedside found him in doleful dumps. "How are you this morning?" "O, miserable, miserable. I want to go home." "Can't you say, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come'?" "No, I can't. I want to go." It was necessary to break that un-

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happy mood. The friend, after vain efforts to divert him, when the sick man fell to wailing again "I want to go home," suddenly feigned sternness and startled the patient by asking abruptly in a loud sharp voice, "Have you dared to tell the Lord that?" "Yes, many a time." "What did he say to you?" A moment's silence, during which Dr. Gracey's sense of the ridiculous was coming to his rescue, and then an explosive burst of laughter as he shouted through his tears, "He told me to mind my own business." The misery was gone. His ship was out of the doldrums on a shining sea, with a good breeze swelling its sails. "I'm thankful I haven't forgotten how to laugh," said the venerable servant of Christ.

No friend of Ida Gracey's can read, without thinking of her, De Quincey's words about Goldsmith, "He had a constitutional gaiety of heart which could not be bought with Ormus or with Ind, nor hired even for a day with the Peacock Throne of Delhi"; nor the similar words of Sante Beuve about Cowper, "What a bright nature, eager and

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open to all impressions, full of fun and charm. At times his mirth is something like a squirrel. But the serious side quickly reappears, for this lovable being has a side that has been smitten by a thunderbolt." Sometimes our Clifton sanitarium sufferer was in a rippling mood, and all asparkle. When a noted purveyor of pure foods sent up fifty dollars to her room for her humane enterprise in China, her wit flashed instantly, "Why not fifty-seven to match his varieties?" Later, this strong rich man, expressing a wish to see her, was admitted to her room. When the interview was over, the nurses saw him as he came along the corridor wiping his eyes, wet with the kind of tears that cleanse and freshen and recreate.

## IX

A sick-room and a Health Resort, both in one, seems an improbability; yet here it was. A "sure enough" sick-room it certainly was—shades drawn to keep light from eyes that could not bear it; on the bed an emaciated sufferer, whose agonies were sometimes

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phenomenal, spectacular, paroxysmal, twisting and flinging the fragile form to and fro; an operating room for dentist, oculist, and surgeon; splints and bandages for dislocated patella; neck and face frequently bound up with antiphlogiston; odors of ointments, medicines, liniments. A new medical superintendent who had not yet seen this particular patient, passing along the hall, heard moans issuing from her room, and went in to relieve her. When he came out a half-hour later he said, "I never saw greater suffering or greater bravery." Undeniably a sick-room it was, scene of drastic experiences, and as unfavorable a place for attempting to establish one of Mother Mary Baker Glover Eddy's rose-misty Metaphysical Societies as was a certain Ohio home in which this was the situation—the husband and father, a physician, creeping slowly up from almost-fatal pneumonia; two children in scarlet fever, one of them with diphtheritic symptoms; an aged aunt dying of senile diseases; the maid in bed with quinzy sore throat. To the wife and mother in that situation there



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came from an old school-friend who had fallen victim to rose-misty metaphysics and the hypnotic spell of meaningless words, a letter which said, "I make haste to send you the glad tidings; there is no such thing as disease." A sick-room unquestionably was Ida's Gracey's; but a Health Resort? How could that be? Well, not a few testified that they found it to be so. A visit to her room was recommended by physicians, because of the altitude and the tonic atmosphere, as are Colorado and Asheville. Not weakening but bracing was the air of that room. All of her except her body, which was a very small part of her, was contagiously healthy. Diseased from head to feet, she was entirely healthy-minded. She was as good for a weak heart as a Nauheim bath. After inhaling her a while, people came away refreshed, stimulated and invigorated, ready to take up life with new zest and more courage. Her room was a kind of *sanitarium in sanitorio*, as she was an example of *sana mens in insano corpore*. She was an antidote to what the captain of an ocean liner called "the mollygrubs." She



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indulged in neither drugs nor delusions, a hard-headed, common-sense little realist, temperamentally unfit for membership in the Imagination Club. She often deplored her *lack* of imagination. She had great visions, but was no visionary.

### X

This darkened room was a Business Office, transacting practical affairs. She did her own banking and bookkeeping neatly and accurately, paying her weekly sanitarium bills with checks drawn by her own hand, and this up to four days before her death. That wan, wasted remnant of a girl—"a scrap" she called herself—helpless in bed, unable to stand on her feet, was a "going concern," active and solvent, doing business twelve thousand miles away, dealing in real estate in China, drawing her check for \$1,000 to buy a lot in Kiukiang, and negotiating a building enterprise on the south bank of the Yangtze-Kiang River. She kept in touch with the wide world. Her room was virtually a post office substation, with piles of let-

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ters under her pillow and something resembling a mailbag hanging over the head of her bed; correspondence arriving from and departing to the ends of the earth. That room was like a bureau of information; like an office of the Associated Press, the chief press agent in residence being her sister, an eager and expert newsgatherer, with a keen scent for the very latest. It was called a wireless telegraph station. "Where do you hide your wireless apparatus? Is it under the bed, or out on the window-sill?" asked a visitor spying to discover her secret means of communication. The very latest news from San Francisco or Mexico or California, India or China was often in that room, sometimes before the missionary headquarters in New York had it. To some extent it was a branch office of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, initiating enterprises, devising ways and means and raising money, mixing prayers and plans, efficiency and economy, after the fine method of that canny and capable society; and she herself might be called an auxiliary. Before disease disabled

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and shut her in, she had been three years Secretary for Special Gifts in the Genesee Conference, collecting \$6,000 each year from individual contributors, forwarding gifts to destination, writing to and receiving letters from each beneficiary, and making reports to the donors. During those years she superintended sales of Oriental articles in various cities for the benefit of the society's work. For many weeks this angel of mercy on her crutches fluttered up and down the long, steep stairs of the elevated railroad in New York while conducting such a sale in the Metropolitan Life Building. For her services and her character she was the pet and darling of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; and from year to year the great women of the New York Branch would not adjourn their annual convention, no matter in what city it met, without ordering a telegram of love and admiration and sympathy to their brave helper at Clifton Springs. A compact little business woman she was, though all her joints were loosed. Business men, personal friends who came from vari-

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ous cities to pay honor to her, were pallbearers at her funeral.

Most invalids do their suffering in seclusion, out of sight and unreported. Sidney Lanier and Robert Louis Stevenson and William E. Henley were invalids whose prominence in the world of letters brought their sufferings to publicity, and whose dogged fights with virulent disease made them a spectacle to mankind. But the little invalid at Clifton Springs would have made as good a showing in the limelight as they, though she wrote only one poem in her life. And those three strong men, had they known her, would have recognized her and given her the grip as belonging to their lodge and of the thirty-third degree in the masonry of suffering which has secrets all its own, unshared by the healthy, comfortable herd, incommunicable to the uninitiated.

If she and Lanier had met in the years of his hard endurance-test, one can easily imagine them exchanging friendly greetings. Perhaps he, the master musician, with failing fingers and broken breath, might have



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blown her some exquisite strains from his orchestra flute, and she, the artless girl, just to reciprocate in kind, might have made childlike return by strumming "Old Kentucky Home" or "Way Down on De Swanee Ribber" on her dear old banjo for him. Then at parting, he might have repeated to her, in the fellowship of their common faith, words which he wrote elsewhere: "Let us thank God, Little Sister, that in our knowledge of him we have a steadfast firmament of blue in which all clouds will soon dissolve."

Most published and popular of invalids in our time is Louis Stevenson, largely because his own pen put in print his long fight for life. One of his reports runs thus: "For fourteen years, I have not had a day's real health. I have written in bed and out of bed, written in hemorrhage, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness, and thus far it seems to me I have won. Sick or well, I have had a splendid time of it. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy inglorious one of



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the sick-bed and the medicine-bottle. I would have preferred a place of trumpeting and the open air over my head, but I have not failed." Here is another of his bulletins: "The inherent tragedy of life goes on working itself out from black to blacker and we poor creatures of a day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say that it does. I believe in an ultimate decency of things. If you believe in God, where is there any room for terror? If you are sure that God in the long run means kindness to you, you should be happy. Go on and fail, and go on again; be mauled to the earth and arise again, try to rest at night with, for pillow, the half of a broken hope that somewhere the rough shall be made smooth, some time the balance be evened." Here is what he wrote, when sick and penniless, to his friend William Archer: "To me the medicine-bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents. They do not color my view of life. They do not exist in my prospect. I see a universe, a solemn, a terrible, but a very joyous

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and noble universe, where suffering is at least not wantonly inflicted, but where it may be and generally is nobly borne, where above all any brave man may make out a life which shall be happy for himself and so beneficent to those about him." We see Stevenson, a "knight-militant against gaunt pain," nearing the end, fevered and trembling, little left of him save skin and bones, leaning breathless against death's doorpost, still fighting with spirit undaunted; a gallant figure, yet not one whit more so than the little heroine of Clifton Springs. Those prayers which Stevenson wrote for himself and his Samoan household in his last years were answered in her—prayers treasured now by devout souls throughout the English-speaking world. She came up from many a long hard night "eager to be happy and to shed sunshine round her if the day gave her half a chance, ready to endure with patience if the day proved severe." Friends saw her through the years "working at her great task of happiness for others' sake," and when she could no longer move among her kind even on

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crutches, she often showed, despite her weary nights, "a glorious morning face." Finding her so one day, her face, after hours of pain and tears, making one think of a dripping landscape sunlit after showers, a friend said to her, "How *can* you be so bright and dear and beautiful, when you suffer so?" "The attack only lasted two hours this time," she answered, patiently and cheerily. "Only two hours" of torture! Louis Stevenson, had he known her, would have owned her as his peer in fortitude, and might have called her with tender admiration "Little sister."

Pathologically W. E. Henley's case is nearer her own than either Lanier's or Stevenson's, since his disease was identical with her own, a disease of the joints; and although amputation was not performed upon her as it was upon Henley, because her condition made it unsafe, yet she sometimes begged that it might be. No one could help pitying Henley with "his leonine head and splendid torso and those terrible twisted limbs"; and Louis Stevenson recorded his admiration for what he called Henley's

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“maimed strength and masterfulness under acute and crippling pain.” Henley, in his most famous poem, describes his attitude toward life. In it he poses as model for a statue of Defiance. Out of the night that covers him, black as the pit from pole to pole, writhing in the fell clutch of circumstance under the bludgeonings of chance in a place of wrath and tears, he boasts that his head, though bloodied, is unbowed; he defies the punishments of Fate and the menace of the years. Now, all men must glory in the valiant will of the unconquerable soul. We feel a shiver of admiration when Henley’s friends tell us how he sat up in bed in the hospital just after the amputation of his leg, talking as pleasantly as if at ease in a palace; and how, though his whole life had been a fight against disastrous odds, he stood at last unbeaten on the heights of literary achievement, whither the crippled and hindered man had climbed by dint of unrelenting toil. It should be impossible for any one, looking upon Henley’s sufferings, to offer anything but sympathy. We have no patience with



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those of his literary friends who criticized his poem of defiance as melodramatic, one of them lightly remarking, "Pistol redivivus," and another responding, "Yes, Pistol's Swan-song"; "Pistol" being one of Falstaff's men given to spouting fragments of tragic verse and talking large in "the Hercules vein." For comfortable, healthy persons to stand over an incurable sufferer and chide or ridicule him would be despicable and damnable. Yet a fellow sufferer like Ida Gracey might properly question from her similar plight with a sufferer like Henley, whether the attitude of desperate or haughty defiance is the wisest and most becoming for such as they. If her invalid's-chair could have been rolled to the side of his cot in the old Edinburgh Infirmary when he was at his worst, that delicate pale slip of a girl might have had a right to say gently to the shaggy, broad-shouldered, square-jawed Poet of Defiance: "Big Brother, I am your Little Sister. Why grit your teeth so hard? Is not submission finer than defiance, and reverence than resentment? Is there not



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more comfort as well as more dignity in prayer than in stony stoicism?" That, or something like it, this Christian girl might have wished to say and have been warranted in saying to William E. Henley. And wisdom and dignity would have been with her rather than with him. A small boy whose little brother had died went out in the back-yard and threw stones at the sky to show his resentment against God; a childish act which might be pardoned to a little boy. Kipling's Private Ortheris went raving mad just after he "swore quietly into the blue sky." It was a crazy act. Resignation of the right sort is nobler than bitter resentment. One of Louis Stevenson's characters, having heard talk of "a bed of pain which was a bed of *resignation*," plays upon the double meaning of the word "bed," and purposely confusing a bed of suffering with a garden bed, says to the Scotch gardener with pregnant ambiguity: "John, do you see that *bed of resignation*?" "Yes, and it's doin' bravely, sir." "John, I will not have it in my garden. Out with it, and in place of

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Resignation put Laughter and a bush of Flowering Piety—but make sure it is the *flowering* sort, John: the other species is no ornament to any garden.” Laughter and Piety of the flowering and fragrant sort bloomed in Ida Gracey’s bed as in a garden. Her cheerful faith was this:

“God never does, nor suffers to be done,  
But that *which we would do*, if we could see  
The end of all events as well as He.”

Looking forward to increasing suffering, she said: “I will dare to trust my heavenly Father. I trust his word, ‘My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.’ When suffering comes he will be there, and some time he will give me rest—rest forever.” She indulged in no such miserable interrogatory as “What can it avail to tell the naked stars the grief of man?” Rather she held, “There is a Pity sitting in the heavens that looks into the bottom of our grief.” In that Pity she sweetly trusted; in the divine love and wisdom she rested, holding that “A loving worm within its clod were diviner than

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a loveless God amid his worlds." Once, when severe suffering had been continuous for a week, a friend said, "I am praying that you may have relief from pain." Instantly her eyes looked up at her mother's picture on the wall as if calling her to witness the truth of what she was saying, as she said calmly, deliberately: "I've not asked to have anything taken away. The cup that the Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?" She had more and better reason than Henley to thank God for her "unconquerable soul." Although she said some weeks before the end, "My spirit is gone, I am worn out, I cannot keep up the fight," as Andrea del Sarto cried, "All the play and the stretch are out of me, out of me," yet the spirit and fire were not gone, they flashed up many times. Very early in the morning of a friend's birthday, only forty-eight hours before actual dying began, feeling a momentary flicker of strength from a brief sleep, she called, suddenly: "Raise me quick. Give me pen and card. Perhaps I can write." With a spirited flash of the will, her trembling fingers wrote this birth-

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day message, signing it with the name which had been given her:

“‘May the years that lie before thee  
Be o’ershadowed by God’s wing:  
May his presence lend a beauty  
And a joy to everything.’  
Is the birthday wish of Kindchen.”

There flared up her loyalty to her friends. To the very last that undying spirit showed no sign of dying. All the play was never out of her. To the end she was made of “spirit, fire, and dew.”

George Meredith spoke of “the thrill of the worship of valiancy.” That thrill a certain boy, deep in his books, felt in reading of Shakespeare’s young soldier Claudio, who “in the figure of a lamb did the feats of a lion”; felt it over the Ballad of Chevy Chase and the verse,

“For Witherington I needs must wail  
As one in doleful dumps;  
For when his legs were battered off  
He fought upon the stumps”:

felt it over the old battle-ballad in which Sir



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Andrew Barton, when he was pierced, said, quietly,

“I’ll but lie down and bleed awhile  
And then I’ll rise and fight again”:

felt it in later years over William Vaughan Moody’s wounded knight who, though facing dire defeat, yet “blew his battle-horn across the vales of overthrow,” and upon a dark disastrous morn made the echoes ring with rallying and laughter; and felt it still later over the story of Charley Edwards, of Texas, one of the “characters” who made Washington picturesque with his broad black sombrero, flowing mane, and far-sweeping moustache, and such a voice that when he whispered to the man sitting next him an attendant of the House came down the aisle and said, “Shouting not allowed in the gallery.” When a fatal and frightful malady struck him down, Charley faced it with a smile and through five years of agony dauntlessly died daily, punctuating the long grim months with laughter, and going to the Dark Tower like Childe Roland. Did we not all

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feel Meredith's "thrill of the worship of valiancy" over that gallant young French officer who rode away on an errand so deadly-dangerous that Marshal Joffre could not help kissing the beautiful boy good-by, as he sent him off to his rendezvous with Death?

Valiancy is not monopolized by soldiers. A crutch may be as fit an emblem of valor as a sword. Glaze, the African explorer, was not a soldier, but H. M. Stanley wrote of him, "He relished a task in proportion to its hardness, and welcomed danger with a fierce joy." Browning, in *The Grammarian's Funeral*, as William Lyon Phelps points out, makes of a plodding pedant exactly the same kind of hero as a dashing cavalry officer leading a forlorn hope; and that pedant's example has inspired many kinds of men to stick tight to their task, even the man now writing. The first Valor Medal conferred by the National Arts Club is not given to a man in uniform, but to Elihu Root, a patriot who never smelled the smoke of battle. Tennyson's story of the siege of Lucknow, after singing of Havelock and his

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Highlanders, sings also of the “valor of delicate women,” and praises their fortitude in the hardships and terror of the assault for eighty-seven days, while “ever upon the topmost towers the old banner of England blew.” Those British women were scarcely more valorous than Ida Gracey, enduring through many years a siege far more relentless, with capitulation inevitable at the end after much suffering, while ever above her beleaguered citadel she kept the flag of her courage afloat. F. W. H. Myers, speaking of his friend Henry Sidgwick’s gallant and valiant nature, said: “To those hidden fervors few occasions for outward heroism have been vouchsafed in his quiet, peaceful life. He had to be content with inward exaltations of spirit, unnoticed sacrifices, and the secret habit of chivalric honor. Yet at length came to him that last opportunity for valiancy in facing the supreme grim advance of sure, slow-creeping death.” Ida Gracey endured that test for years. When you read of England’s great soldier Lord Wolseley, “In that slight shattered body dwelt an invincible

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force, a happy temperament, and a power of endurance no trial ever shook nor any stress of circumstances impaired," you may notice that the description fits our fragile little heroine almost as well as it fits the famous Field Marshal. So far as we know she spoke of herself as a soldier only once, and that was near the end to her friend Mrs. J. M. Cornell—"I'm a homesick soldier." But she did even better than some soldiers, as, for example, Colonel Francis Younghusband, the fine British officer who led the "Mission to Lhasa," beyond the Himalayas to the capital of Tibet. Seasoned and hardy soldier though he was, his fortitude broke under suffering when, having been run over by a motor car, he lay broken and helpless half-a-year on a bed of pain. His courage oozed away, and through the long hard months his faith let go; he concluded in his weakness that the presence of pain in the world rules out belief in any wise and beneficent Ruler. He could conduct hard campaigns and fight battles, but could not endure such tests as Ida Gracey bore for years.



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And she did better thinking even in the fiery furnace than Benjamin Jowett, the famous Greek professor, and other comfortable closet-thinkers did in the peaceful shades of Oxford. They lost courage, faith in life, and in the value of existence, as did also Oxford University for a time in Jowett's day. This she never did; she reached that chastened and purified love of life which is the noblest result of suffering and the supreme attainment of wisdom. That much-commemorated tragic girl, Rahel Varnhagen, tells us that, although, in all her afflictions, she never was at variance with existence and always refused to regard pain as the ultimate purpose of life, yet, when harsh treatment from a cruel father was added to painful illness, she "lost the courage to be happy." Ida Gracey never lost the courage to be happy, partly, perhaps, because she never knew harshness or lack of love. Affection was lavished on her all her days. In her home she was the center of solicitude and tenderness and sweet ministering; and as for friends, one said to her one day: "You were

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made to be loved and a lot of people were evidently made to love you. I think you must belong to the royal family.” When she asked, “Why?” the reply was, “Because you have such a big retinue”; and the next day she received roses with this card: “To her little Majesty, from a member of her large retinue.”

Dr. Richard C. Cabot speaks of “a shiver of admiration” which persons of sensibility experience in contact with fine characters or in witnessing difficult feats well done. E. V. Lucas confesses to feeling a quiver of ecstasy over Paul Cinquevalli, juggler and acrobat, whenever he saw him doing unparalleled feats with almost miraculous dexterity and ease, suppleness and grace, until Lucas would exclaim with tears of joy, “You Beauty! O, you Beauty!” while another observer said, “Cinquevalli always makes me cry.” But suppose the juggler had had to keep tossing hot iron balls, that burnt him every time they came down, up in the air for hours—what would Lucas say then? And would the other man shed

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*scalding* tears? The audience at the Gilder Memorial meeting in Carnegie Hall felt a shiver of admiration and a quiver of ecstasy when Forbes Robertson read in his matchless way Gilder's poem, "Music in Darkness," the deep, vibrant masculine voice rendering with perfect elocution and exquisite modulation the lines so perfectly suited to the psychological moment—a golden voice filling the house with rich melody—the whole performance being by every token high on the list of perfect things, making one man whisper to his seatmate, "Simply perfect!" "You seem to think I'm perfect, just as papa did," Ida said to a friend who after her father's death was trying to cheer her in the fierce endurance-tests of her last tortured weeks. "Yes, dear child, I do think you are about perfect," was the reply.

Beware of superlatives and italics is a good-enough caution. But is there nothing superlative in life? Why is the word "perfect" in the dictionary unless there is use for it on some corresponding reality? Now and then that risky word may be applied without

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fear of arrest or molestation. Jane Austen feared she had made the heroine in one of her novels too good, and wrote a friend about it, saying: "Pictures of perfection, as you know, made me sick and wicked." Excessive eulogy is nauseating. But did the author of *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice* never find any touch of perfection in human character and achievement? Some have even thought they saw something perfect in her works. What put the note of joy and calm into Wordsworth was his recognition of the fact that human life is bosomed in the life of an eternal Spirit of Perfection. The Master's command "Be ye perfect" is guarantee that we may be perfect in something, possibly in love, which is absolutely the greatest thing in this world or any other. The joy we have in glimpses of perfection is a lure to aspiration and a bribe to all our strivings. For the Christian as for the artist, orator, musician, or writer perfection must be the aim. To Ida Gracey's friends it seemed that in character and conduct she approached perfection.



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The Lady of the Decoration, who knows a good fighter when she sees one, being one herself, felt Dr. Cabot's shiver of admiration when on Saint Valentine's Day she sent to Ida Gracey (whose distinction was in being a decoration rather than wearing one) a token of affection with this inscription, "To a bully fightin' Valentine, whose brave example will brace me for many a gray day of strife." We have heard of a cowboy who had he known our brave little heroine and overheard this greeting, might have shouted, "Right you are, Mrs. Macaulay. 'Bully fighter' is the word": the cowboy who galloped gaily into town firing his revolver into the air, filled with the frolic gladness of his own high spirits if with nothing more intoxicating, and who, after making the circuit of the settlement, rode up to a convenient board fence, and, standing up in his stirrups, shot into it this sentiment: "Life ain't in holdin' a good hand, but in playin' a pore hand well." He didn't learn his spelling in school nor his figure of speech in Sunday school, but his doctrine was "dead right,"

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and his bullet-in on the board fence indicates that he would have shouted for a glorious sick girl who all her life "plaid a pore hand well."

William Winter wrote, "All human life has for its ultimate object a spiritual victory." Aspiration toward that victory is evidence of normality. Ida Gracey was normal in every part except her sick body. Once in the semitwilight of her shaded room in her last year she was seen radiant with gladness, sitting bolt upright in bed, a slender, dainty figure, erect, elate, with translucent face and burning eyes—like a white wax-candle topped with flame, such as is seen in a golden candlestick upon an altar—telling exultantly of the almost assured success of her plans for the Cripples' Home at Kiukiang, about which she had prayed fourteen years. The radiance of her countenance made her friend decide then and there to dedicate to her his book, *The Illumined Face*; "To one who through years of suffering bears an illumined face." So triumphant was she that the friend said, "I would

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name you Victoria if I had not already called you something else.” “That would be something to live up to,” answered the spirited girl, who, in very truth, was always “living up to” something above her—up to the admonitions of her mother’s pictured face looking down from the wall above the bed, with whom her eyes often seemed communing and consulting—up to Christian standards of character and life—climbing toward “those high table-lands to which the Lord, our God, is moon and sun.”

Here for a moment we pause and turn aside, to ask whether, in always *living up*, she was not a normal part of the natural universe, in every layer and level of which we see finger-boards pointing upward and hints of what looks like aspiration—up from inorganic to organic, from mineral to vegetable and animal and human and *beyond*. Mysterious and suggestive is that dreaming of something higher; that semblance to aspiration of which we catch faint momentary glimpses along the cosmic trend in certain strange and curious movements of elements

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and creatures, one range of things seeming to glance wistfully toward the next above. Deep in the rock's dark bosom the shapeless minerals are taking on fronded shapes, as if dreaming of leaves and aspiring to enter the vegetable realm. On the winter window-pane the frost is sketching ferns and thickets with exquisite artistry, as if dreaming of the next realm above and aspiring to it. In the boggy acre the pitcher-plant is rehearsing rudimentally the process of digestion by feeding on insects it captures in its trap, apparently striving to enter a higher order, the order of carnivora. Parrots and magpies are trying to talk like humans, as if aspiring. From crustacean to man is a far cry, yet that queer little creature, the Faira crab, of Japan, seems to see across the gulf, for he makes a mimicking face at man and wears a frontispiece startlingly, ridiculously, bewilderingly human, as if aspiring. The monkeys in the jungle seem aspiring to become by slow stages anthropoidal. And the scientist exhibits a picture of Mr. Pithecanthropus sauntering up the slopes of the ages



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to apply for his naturalization papers in the State of Manhood. Infinite effrontery! But it seems to be customary in this universe. And this upward look and urge which we notice and which science declares, from protoplasm up to personality, from mineral to man, does not stop on the natural human level. The scientist is the one person who can least consistently hesitate to believe in a higher development for the natural man into spiritual realms. Why should man be the first "quitter" in the ascent, the first to halt the progress of the universe when the fingerboards along the cosmic trend still point upward? And why is it not as natural to find the supernatural above the natural, spiritual above carnal, as to find animal above vegetable and vegetable above mineral? Science is logically bound to insist that for the human being born into man's estate "The Climb to God" is naturally the next thing in order. In the light of all that science and religion teach, whoever is not "living up" to higher and better things is an abortion or a degenerate, or a case of arrested develop-

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ment, a kind of monstrosity in nature. When children and grandchildren of slaves stand in a Christian church and roll the anthem over and over in the abysmal depths of their bass and contralto and on the far heights of their treble and tenor: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is," those aspiring black people have nothing less, but something more, than cosmic warrant for their aspiration and their exultant certitude. William Winter and Ida Gracey, aspiring to "spiritual victory" as the supreme object for a soul to "live up to," were loyal to the System of Things and obedient to the voice which calls down through the universe, "Come up higher."

At her bedside one would be impressed with the solitariness of intense physical suffering, the isolation being indicated sometimes by a look of withdrawal and remoteness, such as was noted in Louis Stevenson by Mrs. Wyatt Eaton, who was on the

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Jersey coast at Point Pleasant on the Manasquan, one memorable summer afternoon in 1887, when the Sanborn Cottage entertained Stevenson, who was visiting at Brielle across the bay. She describes him as tall and emaciated, frail and ethereal-looking; but gay, blithe, boyish, and contagious. Rejoicing in having seen the author of *Treasure Island* and *The Merry Men* at his best, surrounded by his friends and with the light of his best emotions on his face—lit with the glow, the verve, the vital spark—this woman writes: “Even in his playful mood, responding to the banter and merriment around him, a look now and then would creep into his eyes, like a beatitude; a look that gave me the feeling that he was already beyond our mortal ken.” That “look like a beatitude,” which gave us the feeling that she was in a world beyond our ken, came at times into Ida Gracey’s face, a strange look of remoteness, as of a soul withdrawing to some far height, a look, too, of ineffable dignity, which made one almost stand in awe of her and ask mentally, “Into what region have you risen

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now?" To one who spoke of that look, a girlhood friend replies: "Yes, I know that look of dignity on Ida's face, but it did not awe me as did her withdrawal into regions of intense pain, leaving me with a sense of exclusion, as if even my love could not reach her and it seemed impossible for me to be anything to her. Such moments were the awfulest of all." When some one was praising Patti's singing to Sainte Beuve, and using Shakespeare's words, "Her voice is like the lark, which at heaven's gate sings," the French critic responded, "Yes, but Nils-son's is like a voice from the *other side* of the gate." There were times when Ida Gracey sounded from beyond, from a region above our experience and beyond our sight. Once when I was praying at her bedside, the feeling came over me strangely that she was nearer to God than I and that I would better stop and ask her to pray for me.

Arthur Benson, noting the unanimity of the tributes paid Arthur Hallam as proving how he was admired by his contemporaries, says that nothing but the presence of an



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overmastering charm can explain such a conspiracy of praise. A similar consentaneity concerning Ida Gracey indicates the presence in her of a similar personal charm about which Benson says that it is beyond analysis or description, ineffable, makes no effort to exert its power, indeed is unconscious of itself, yet fills us with desire to understand it, to win its favor or to serve it. That charm in her, sickness only served to enhance, until she seemed different from ordinary humanity, somewhat as a pearl is different from a pebble. A mystery it seemed that suffering, instead of spoiling the attractiveness of her face, rather refined it, made it more delicate and spirituelle. Years of pain did not take away the sweet girlishness, what Browning calls "the darlingness." At the Gracey Memorial Meeting of the Interdenominational Missionary Union a vivid, vibrant, and responsive woman said quiveringly and yearningly: "Ida was like my own flesh and blood. She was ineffably beautiful to me. Her eyes and the tender lines about her mouth drew out my whole heart. I keep

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her picture on my desk.” One friend of her father wrote him thus: “I saw your daughter only once and for only a few minutes. She seemed like a frail being from some other world whose wings had been caught and tangled in the thorns of our rough world—a prisoner of hope, evidently attended by the angels who are God’s ministering spirits.” One who spent many hours at Dr. Gracey’s bedside in the years of his helplessness, said to him one day: “If she were my child, I should be one of two things, either as proud as Lucifer or so grateful to God that I could not find words to express myself. Now, which are you?” And the venerable minister answered tenderly, “Thankful, thankful!” The devoted physician to whose care her mother had committed her and who watched over her faithfully for years and saw her in all conditions, under all circumstances, said, “She is an angel of light.” The young woman who served as her last day attendant, says, “She sure was an angel.” Soon after learning of her departure the pastor of a large church in Detroit, who had known her

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in her father's house in Rochester, wrote: "Her pure and Christlike life will follow me as long as I live. Last Sunday morning I took for my Communion talk 2 Corinthians 3. 18, and then I told the story of her life. I know of no one who more perfectly illustrates those words of Paul than she." The words are these: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." "You little white angel," said one who saw her enduring acute suffering with a patient heroic smile. "I'm not an angel," she protested, but her face was angelic at the moment she was protesting. A girl-friend of her early years writes: "She was a dear marvel—such deep affection and wide helpfulness, so many lovely ways and unexpected turns, such humanness, with none of the subdued saintlinesses that sick folk, if they are good as she was, are apt to drop into, but just a natural healthy human soul, such as we all love—a difficult thing to maintain in a sick body. Her charming innocent

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naughtinesses were the delight of my heart.” Several months after her translation two men, on the Pennsylvania Limited running east out of Chicago, fell to talking of her. One of them had known her in earlier years flitting about on crutches at the Thousand Islands, and the other only her bedridden final years in the darkened room. Their conversation about her closed with the man from Pittsburgh saying, “She was superman, something superior in human quality”; and the New Yorker saying, “She was the fairest flower I have ever seen blooming in a chamber of suffering—and fairer in her fading than others in the bloom of health.”

Toward death she bore herself becomingly. No man can foreknow how he will feel at death’s approach, but big Sam Johnson blubbing beforehand in fear of death is scarcely a worthy or inspiring figure. When Robert Browning, sturdiest and most robust Christian optimist among English poets, was growing old, the decadents, debilitated by pernicious anemia of the soul, who made art and literature resemble a counting of autumn



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leaves, were slowly approaching their tired triumph greatly to Browning's disgust and scorn, as he wrote to a friend: "Death, death, it is this harping on death that I despise so much. In fiction and poetry, French as well as English, and, I am told, American also, and in other literature and in art as well, the shadow of death, call it what you will—despair, negation, indifference—is upon us. But what fools who talk thus! Why, *amico mio*, you know as well as I that death is life, just as our daily momentary dying body is none the less alive, and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our church-yardy crape-like word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. Never say of me that I am dead." When past fourscore Browning spent much time in lovely country-places, and of one long visit wrote, "Another term of delightful weeks, each week tipped with a sweet starry Sunday at the little church." In the little church he was not thinking gloomily on death, but joyously on everlasting life. We

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hear Stopford A. Brooke saying in his quiet London study, "I expect the day of my death to be the most romantic day of my life." We see George F. Watts, when his final days seemed only looking in on him one by one just to say "Good-by," tranquilly expecting the coming of the white-robed angel he had once painted as Death, saying calmly to his wife, "I often catch sight of that white figure behind my shoulder, and it seems to say to me, 'I am not far off.' " We find Lewis Carroll, nearing the end, feeling it would be nice to have it over with, writing his sister: "I sometimes think what a grand thing it will be to be able to say to oneself, 'Death is over now and there is not that experience to be faced again.' " We read in Edwin Booth's letter to an afflicted friend: "I cannot grieve at death. It seems to me the greatest boon the Almighty has granted us. Why do you not look at this little life with all its ups and downs as I do? At the very worst, 'tis but a scratch, a temporary ill, to be soon cured by that dear old doctor, Death, who gives us life more healthful and

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enduring than all the physicians can give.” George Washington has told us that when facing death in battle he found something strangely fascinating and exhilarating in the sound of whistling bullets that meant death. Charles Frohman, on the slanting deck of the sinking *Lusitania*, said to those who with him would all be drowned together in a few minutes: “Why fear death? It is life’s most beautiful adventure.” Sir James Paget, the eminent English surgeon, is even of opinion that there is often a certain physical pleasure in dying. All the poised composure seen in these calm spirits was in Ida Gracey, and something more. Death was an old familiar friend; the two had been neighbors and comrades for years. They had played tag along the border. She often said, “Why, I’m no more afraid to die than I am to put my head on my pillow.” She dreaded intense suffering, but she no more dreaded death than she dreaded her father’s kiss.

When the end drew near, and especially in her very last hours, she was her own sweet self, perfectly natural, cool, composed, fear-

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less, glad. She calmly noticed advancing symptoms and understood all that the signs meant, and when the inhalation of oxygen was begun she knew it was the physician's *viaticum*, the last thing done for the dying. In a quiet moment of the final night she said to her sister: "Don't you think I've had all my pains and can go to heaven now? Would it be cowardly for me to ask to go to-night?" In hours when her room was an outpost of eternity, she was not only cool and serene but playful. Her sister needing to go out in the rain, asked, "May I take your umbrella?" "Why, yes": and then a flash of humor, "I think I can spare you my rubbers too." She knew she might be in heaven any minute. Umbrellas and rubbers are not needed on the streets of the City of Gold. That blithe spirit, done forever with umbrellas and overshoes, was hovering merrily and unabashed on life's outer rim, and that gay touch of gentle play with her sister was like a last caress reached out to the playmate of all her years.

After physicians had given Amiel his



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death-warrant, he was dying by inches and knew it through seven long years. The following record in his journal in his last weeks is precisely descriptive of her last weeks: "A terrible night. For four hours I struggled against suffocation and looked death in the face. It is clear that what awaits me is suffocation. I shall die by choking. I should not have chosen such a death, but when there is no option one must simply resign oneself. 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' " Ida's last suffering was like Amiel's. "It's terrible," she said, appealingly, as she strangled in agony; and then, lest she be misunderstood, "I don't mean to complain."

Her last word and Bishop McIntyre's were the same. In the Chicago Hospital Mrs. McIntyre bent over her husband in the quiet lull which looks like improvement but precedes dissolution, and said, to cheer him, "We'll soon be going home, Robert." "Lovely!" he answered—his last word ere his heavenly "going home." On Ida Gracey's last night, her sister, bending over her, spoke of a small sum of money left by

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their mother and asked, "Don't you think it would be nice to put it into your cripples' fund, as mother's contribution?" (The first gift she received toward this had been from her father, and now the last while she is alive is from her mother.) "Why, yes! Lovely!" Then the final silence, and a little later she was gone. This lifelong cripple and the famous bishop ended on the same high note, the note of joy, he thinking of the return to the comfort of his own home, she full of the joy of giving a Home to poor friendless little cripples by the thousand in the long years to come. It was lovely to go home; lovelier to give a home.

Emily Dickinson wrote of her dearest: "There was no earthly parting. She slipped from our fingers like a snowflake gathered by the wind." Robert Browning wrote of his Elizabeth: "God took her to himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark uneasy bed into your arms and the light." So was it with Ida Gracey. Without shiver or quiver or sound she slipped away. One thinks of Emily Dickinson's childlike verses:

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She went; this was the way she went:  
When her task was done,  
She took up her simple wardrobe  
And started for the sun.

Her little figure at the gate  
The angels must have spied,  
For we could never find her  
Upon the earthward side.

A startling accompaniment attended her midnight departure. Lightnings were flashing and thunders crashing at the moment of her going. Jean Ingelow would say, "God Almighty's guns were going off and the land trembled." The artillery of the skies seemed firing a Salute to the Valiant, as if heaven thought fit to honor with a soldier's music and the roaring rites of war the passing of this intrepid soul, who went up past the great guns of the thunder unafraid. Her soul well-knit and all her battles won, she mounted surely to eternal life, more than conqueror through Him who loved her and gave himself for her. And thus was brought to pass the saying which was written, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

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Of George Meredith's face in the coffin it was written, "The dead lips smiling at life as in life they had smiled at death." Not so hers. A weary look was on the sweet marmoreal face in the pearl-gray casket, wearied by long and wearing pain. Standing beside that casket and looking on the tired but lovely face, the minister read with inward surge of exultation from the book of Revelation the words of the great voice out of heaven, in this accentuating repetend fashion, "Behold, God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death—*and there shall be no more death*; neither sorrow nor crying—*neither sorrow nor crying*; neither shall there be any more pain—NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN." At the cemetery on the hill this thanksgiving rose on the still air of a balmy springlike February afternoon: "Almighty God, with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, we give thee hearty thanks for the good example of this dear child of thine, who, having



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finished her course in faith, now rests with thee." And upon the sorrowing group was pronounced this benediction: "Now the God of peace who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen." Thus, in the stately Christian fashion, with supernal pomp of lofty language, was laid away that light little body, a "scrap," she said, a remnant of skin and bones, sealed eyes and lips, and long dark hair; like the burial of a dead bird, or withered lily or crumpled leaf. The grave is filled and the flowers piled upon it, a red cross surmounted by a white crown standing highest. The procession winds silently down the slope, out the gate and back to the duties of life. And "thus endeth." No, not quite. Rather, "here beginneth." Behold, I show you a miracle.

The curtain rises now on one of the most

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pregnant and meaningful tableaux ever set; one of God's own romances woven of actual events in which all the elements are mixed to give the world assurance of the presence of a superhuman artistry that makes theater plays seem wooden, mechanical, clumsy, and infantile.

After the burial, the monument. Her monument is not here, but a world's-width away, at Kiukiang, a walled city of 40,000, on the south bank of the Yangtze, situated between river, lakes, and hills. There is the oldest mission of our church in Central China. During fifty years an influential Christian community has been established there by the building of Rulon Fish High School, William Nast College for boys, Danforth Memorial Hospital for Women, Knowles Bible Training School for girls; and, now, Ida Gracey's Home for Cripples (attached to Dr. Mary Stone's hospital, as its orthopedic department), and soon Dr. Edward C. Perkins's Water-of-Life Hospital for Men.

We pause to note that the Cripples' Home

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is one of the by-products of suffering, and came by one of God's rough main-traveled roads along which he often sends his caravans of relief and blessing. They who, themselves, have trodden with bleeding feet the *Via Crucis* know best how to pity. Thackeray wrote: "Most likely the Good Samaritan was a man who had been robbed and beaten on life's road and knew what it was to lie stripped and bruised by the wayside." The superintendent of a large hospital reports that most of the gifts for buildings or endowments come from bereaved or otherwise afflicted people. It is said that most of the improvements in artificial limbs have been invented by the first man who lost a limb on the Confederate side in our Civil War. Out of his crippled condition benefits have emerged for thousands of maimed. Out of Senator Leland Stanford's loss of his only child came limitless benefit to endless generations of boys by the building of Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Out of A. R. Crittenton's loss of a loved daughter came his impulse to father thousands of friendless

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girls by the establishment of Florence Crittenton Homes in near a hundred cities for a class most in need of true friends and least likely to have them. Out of George Matheson's bitterest hour of anguish comes one of the great hymns of the ages to comfort the anguish of countless souls with the "Love that wilt not let me go." Joyce Kilmer says, "Lips that have not kissed the rod breathe only light and perishable breath; they only *sing* who are struck dumb by God." It was because Miss Sullivan had suffered an attack of blindness lasting several years that she was moved with sympathy toward a little blind deaf-mute child in Tuscumbia, Alabama; whereby Helen Keller got a teacher who brought her out of darkness into the marvelous light of a wonderful life. And to-day, amid the horrors of the most hideous, atrocious, and diabolical of wars, it was inevitable that blind Helen Keller's relief-money should go to those soldiers whose eyesight has been destroyed; her gifts accompanied by words like these: "From the mist which surrounds me—dark, endless, and im-



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measurable—I stretch my hand to those brave young men whose light has been put out by shells. I cannot rest until I have done all I can in order to help them from misery and desperation.” Robertson Nicoll says, “In order to understand Louis Stevenson one needs to spit a little blood.” It was because Ida Gracey knew all her life what it is to be lame that her pity went out to cripples, and to China, the land that is fullest of cripples, so that this empty-handed girl cherished for fourteen years a wild dream of building a home and hospital for the most friendless of her own afflicted class. When finally she dared announce to her friends her plans, and that the practical women at the head of the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society had approved them as practicable, if only money enough was forthcoming, gifts began to come in. Wealthy women, guests in the sanitarium, gave some of their jewelry for her project. The medical superintendent brought his baby girl with a big gold piece clutched in its tiny fist to drop it on the invalid’s pillow. It became fashionable to



GUARDIANS OF THE IDA GRACEY HOME

MISS JENNIE V. HUGHES

Head of Knowles Bible Training School

Kiukiang, China

DR. MARY STONE

Head of Danforth Hospital

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most for a site was desired for two reasons; because it was adjacent to Dr. Mary Stone's hospital, and because it belonged to a Chinaman and on it was a pond or pool used by the Chinese for drowning babies. Infanticide is frightfully common in parts of China. A Chinese woman recently told one of our missionary workers, with entire *sang froid*, that she had drowned seven of her own girl babies. That lot was purchased, that horrid pond filled up, and on the lot stands to-day a solid and convenient edifice on the front of which friends have placed a tablet of enduring brass, "The Ida Gracey Home for Cripples." When Miss Jennie V. Hughes, head of the Knowles Training School for Girls, cried joyfully to us from the antipodes, "The Gracey Home for Cripples is completed. How radiantly happy Ida must be in heaven!" this was the message sent up by spirit wireless:

"While well you fare in God's good care  
Somewhere within the blue,  
You know to-day, your dearest dream  
Came true—is true—all true."

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As a rule the members of the heroic invalid class suffer unnoticed and slip unobserved out of life's backdoor into oblivion. We have thought fit to set her and her class for a moment where they belong, in full public view, among the valiant. In that tremendous masterpiece of portraiture, the Ring and the Book, the Pope offers A Salute to the Valiant in his declaration that Pompilia through all her tragic sufferings is a greater victor than Michael the Archangel with his sword and shield and spear, and that all the valor of the world's warriors cannot match the marvel of a soul like Pompilia's.

We have also classed Ida Gracey with notable benefactors. When a railroad magnate, having helped to loot a railway system, puts some of his millions into a Home for Cripples, the newspapers headline him as a noble benefactor; but this simple, unpretending girl, whom no newspaper headlines, is far more noble and more beneficent. And the Home for Cripples at Kiukiang is more wonderfully beautiful in the eyes of the angels than the Robin's Nest at Irvington-



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on-the-Hudson, supported by Vanderbilts and Rockefellers. A beautiful little Christian philanthropist was she, in comparison with whom the richest woman in the world, gloating greedily over her hoarded millions, must be regarded as a scaly, sordid, and gluttonish creature crawling crookedly in the muck; the memories of the two differing as a fragrance from a stench. So the human race would vote.

We have not exaggerated. Ruskin twitted G. F. Watts, painter of portraits, with turning his sitters into angels though they were mere humans. But Lady Holland said to Watts, "I never really know my friends till you have painted them." We are apt to be skeptical about the greatness of our contemporaries. George William Curtis said, in his eloquent lament over Theodore Winthrop, "Heroes in history seem the more heroic because they are far off, haloed by distance. But if we should tell the plain truth about some of our everyday neighbors, equally heroic, it would sound like high-colored fiction." Age and experi-

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ence should not wither one's enthusiasm for humanity. Professor Seelye, in his "Ecce Homo" forty years ago, affirmed and endeavored to show that the crowning distinction, the most fascinating trait, of the Man of Galilee was his enthusiasm for humanity. Breathes there a man with soul so dead as never to himself hath said:

"How beauteous mankind is!  
O brave, good world that hath  
Such people in it"?

In W. L. Watkinson's *Gates of Dawn*, the passage for March 21 (Ida Gracey's Birthday) is: "He was transfigured before them," with this pertinent exclamation following, "What possibilities of glory there are in human nature!"

We have not over-labored our theme. Our meanest and dingiest danger is that we may be too dull to appreciate those with whom we live, the only ones to whom appreciation is of any value. This brave girl is far more worthy of this, our modest In Memoriam, than Arthur Henry Hallam

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was of the thousand verses from England's greatest laureate in the longest, most elaborate, and most labored threnody ever composed, on which Tennyson labored more than seventeen years in eulogy of one in whose portrait A. C. Benson sees "a heavy-featured young man with a flushed face, who looks more like a country bumpkin on the opera-bouffe stage than like an intellectual archangel."

The Thebans had a law commanding artists to make their statues more beautiful than the model. We have not done that, but if we had, it would not have been, artistically, a crime.

What was it this prostrate, helpless, suffering sick girl really achieved? We will paint the thing as we see it, for the God of Things as they Are. Not much imagination is needed to visualize and dramatize what essentially happened there at Kiukiang. The tableau is like this: Pagan mothers throwing their babies into a loathsome pond to drown and float, to swell and rot and stew stenchfully in the sun; the demons of cruelty

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which infest that Land of Dragons and devour both bodies and souls almost visibly squatting around the margin, their jaws dripping with the putrid hell-broth. Above this fetid feast of fiends, hovering in the sky on wings of Christian pity, the spirit of a seraphic girl, friend of the friendless, helper of the helpless, who with one wave of her white hands frightens away the fiends; and, as if by miracle, up from that grisly ground there rises red the divine fulfillment of a sick girl's dream, to be a shelter of mercy and love for poor little hated and devil-hunted cripples through many generations. Secretary F. M. North, of the Foreign Missions Office, looking upon that noble Christian settlement at Kiukiang, wrote: "The grouping of Christlike service in and about the Danforth Hospital is one of the finest expressions of missionary beneficence and devotion I have ever seen." The cluster of buildings which house that humane settlement is among the solidest of Christian evidences. The work done in and the influence radiating from that great center of



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beneficent activity constitute an enormous, far-reaching, and convincing evangelizing force. "What think ye of Christ, who brings you such great gifts of mercy and love, health and knowledge, enlightenment and peace?" is the question that flies abroad on every wind that blows over that whole region. As a result of an operation on a crippled boy patient in one of the Chinese Mission hospitals, ninety people of his village came seeking the "Jesus-religion."

Browning devotes a thrilling and ennobling poem to commemorating the simple deed of a poor young coasting pilot, who, happening to know the channels and being of the crew, took the flagship's helm and steered the French fleet, chased by enemies, safe to port; and who, when asked by the admiral to name his own reward, only requested a whole holiday, leave to go and see his wife whom he calls the *Belle Aurore*. Not finding that humble hero's name carved upon the Louvre or any public place, the poet decides to put that name upon his pages, saying:

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“So, for better or for worse,  
Hervé Riel, accept my verse;  
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more  
Save the squadron, honor France,  
Love thy wife, the Belle Aurore.”

The name of the valiant little invalid of Clifton Springs is not numbered in “the thin red line of ’eroes when the drums begin to roll”; it is not even in the foolish pages of “Who’s Who?”; but it is stenciled now on these pages.

And it has its place in the sun graven upon an enduring tablet on the front of the Ida Gracey Home for Cripples in the city beside China’s great river at Kiukiang where grace, mercy, and healing will soon be flowing from the Water-of-Life Hospital, as already for many years from the other noble institutions grouped in that shining center of Christian beneficence.

And yonder in “the land which is very far off,” where her eyes “see the King in his beauty,” in the City of God by the River of Life, one page in the Lamb’s Book of Life shines with the pearly luster of the name of



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Frances Ida Gracey. The angels love the very letters of that name.

Coordinate with “Blessed are the dead who *die* in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit,” Carlyle framed a complementary beatitude: “Blessed are the valiant who have *lived* in the Lord. Amen, saith the Spirit.”











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